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“Caliban is hospitable to any writing which, when chewed,  
makes him hear music in the air.”

CALIBAN

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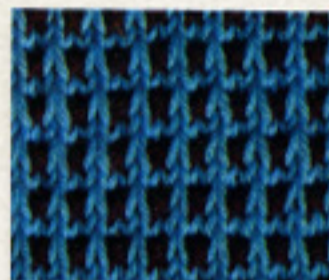
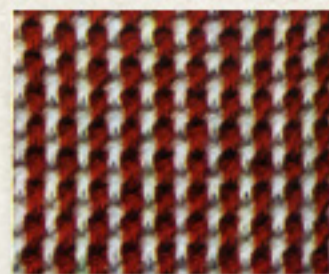
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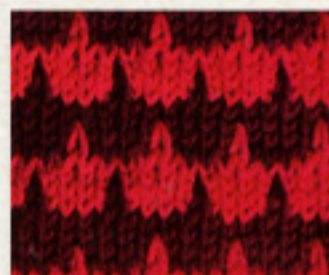


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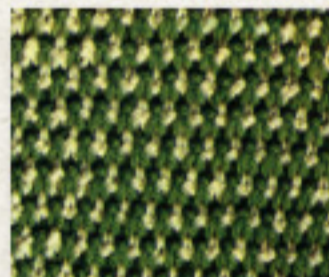


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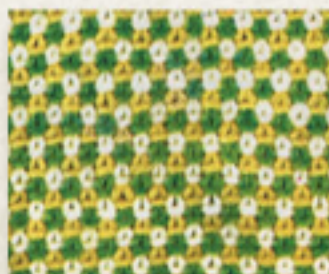


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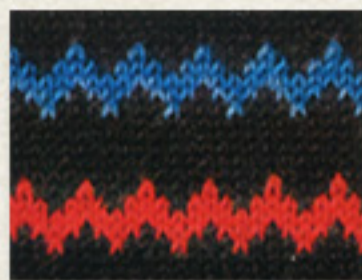


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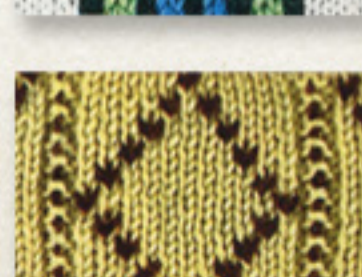
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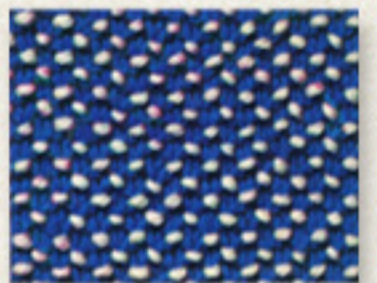
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**CALIBAN**

*The Legacy of Louis Simpson (1923 - 2012)*

**CONTRIBUTORS' ADVICE**

## RAY GONZALEZ

### **Balata**

It was peaceful and I wanted  
to be lost in a holy town,

but the wars were dying down,  
casualty lists posted on the other

side of Mars, the earth beyond saving  
because the soil sprouted blue

and orange veins that gave life  
to what I couldn't reach.

I found a beautiful river in one  
daydream where my dead nephew

did not go to war and I was  
an old man who knew nothing,

my chalkboard filled with equations  
the ants carried across the soil, a line

of them climbing through the vapor  
of a god that took what he wanted

as those who nodded off in my  
daydream woke up and saved me.

## Eyes of a Saint

Eyes of a saint. The star. One kind of hope.  
Eyes of a lizard. The sound. Forgiveness  
and rosaries. You can't decipher bread.

To make a note. Eyes of a light bulb.  
The way invented, painted red so skin  
of the whale assumes its place in history.

Eyes of a saint. The car. Two dimensions  
burning feet. Eyes of a butterfly.  
Involvement and eyes of a twig.

The road erased. The map replaced.  
Eyes of a saint. The scar. Asking ground.  
Answering rain. By chance, everything works—

corrupted artery, soft tongue, shaken tree,  
shaved head of the saint, shaved eyelash of his mother,  
shaved chest of his father, shaved soul of his brother,

shaved, no, saved soul leaking  
out of the saint.

The entrance. The caution frame by frame.

The flame. Three species of inquisitor.  
Eyes of a demon. The faith. Not fame but war.  
Home. Dead PTSD nephew.

Birds. Shoes. Toilets. Folded man.  
Eyes of a wooden leg. Eyes of a bent elbow.  
Eyes under the bloody bandage.

Eyes assuming what is seen is not painted.  
Eyes of a saint. Flawed telling. Myth missing.  
Warped legend. Prayer messages to the unborn.

## **Give History a Chance**

When Hernan Cortez burned Mexico City,  
the lake rose to the level of his crucified god,  
the Aztec aviaries releasing thousands  
of birds in the smoke.

When Coronado's men got lost going  
north along the Rio Grande, their horses  
drowned one by one, each man swimming  
toward a cross of light.

When the defenders of The Alamo tried  
to escape without putting up a fight, sixty  
of them were killed by the Mexicans one  
hundred yards outside the walls, revisionist  
history giving them a chance to run.

When morning came and Pancho Villa  
was shot 24 times in his car, two small  
children stood at the street corner,  
bullets flying over their heads, their  
mother screaming at them to get inside.

When the drug cartel gunned down  
14 soccer players in the Juarez field,  
the masked shooters were driven to  
a safe house where every wall was  
covered in shrines to San Malverde,  
their patron saint shot by police in 1903.

As the killers pulled their masks off  
and laid their weapons down, sweat  
glistened across their tattooed backs,  
the young, panting men kneeling  
to kiss the concrete floor in front

of the mustached saint, their cell  
phones starting to ring, their red faces  
globes of blood the birds of Mexico City  
formed in the black skies over the lake.

**Las Brujas de las Mesa, New Mexico**

They hide in the pueblo, suffering inside  
the adobe walls, waiting for the trees

to pierce the wooden heart of the last  
child that was found alive.

Las brujas de La Mesa wait for us to enter  
as if our mothers' wombs were holy.

They hope we turn the car to the river where  
they mix bones with blood of the lizard,

spit into a bowl to find a bruised eye.  
If we get out of the car, the road will end at

La Mesa, but the road never stops because  
we saw a woman behind a tree, her words

in charcoal as black as the hands that pulled  
us into the empty town.

Las brujas bless the wind with chicken feathers,  
smother the room we dare not enter because

they slip through windows to braid the hair  
of the dead we read about in books, one house

crumbling with no roof, the woman who lives  
there drifting among us since the invisible

have no shadow, torches glowing in the street  
that night as we leave without a sign, twisted

trees patterned after the things all men  
are forced to leave behind

KAREN GARTHE

**Pierette, the Opera Figurine**

gloomy French Film  
of her shedding bounty  
the coal vapors course lift winding  
this film of her *speaks so highly of you she is sparkling the edges*  
of her Frontier shed  
dry deerforms at the door  
moss  
undersea  
foam  
unchains *remember the boat of her*  
took to the road  
took to the buckshot sutures fissures that traipse the skull

**ROUND WORLD**

THAT OLD GHOST PICKERING with his famous toasting  
*KLINKS!*

the bunch at the table inhale and downstream the wine rings  
Now, I ask you

Are we still in business ?? *Klink Klink* gowns of railroads  
inlay ivory  
walnut marquetry  
casks & fabrics that are their own ocean crossings  
OWN House(s) Sri Lanka *sapphs* quasar opal *pool lights* night

The cattle ranch. The mail order web so much.

Damage Pickering

Klinks the pity of it

*(to have had to devour their very own Ritz Horses*

He down streams the wine

Divests clouds lilac sandy

frogged closure the watch dog season tickets à Pierette, The Opera

Figurine

instead of what *you think she should have*

*give her* what she wants Engineer a few fields Engineer Spring

((writing to the architecture

~~

“weight denying shimmer color and light” *I could flee to that*  
*soft girled voice* the passed off ugly  
lace veil  
bled rose  
everybody was the  
lone bastard of  
cruelty

~~

whose want sounds cathedral whose stalagmite  
apostling caryatid wings so Gabriel can direct the wave of  
his Announcing  
crustaceous **F**lare angels whose galactic darks these  
rows and whose whose most  
*Precious Friend I could flee to*

~~

the Catamaran straddling theSky BlueYacht Stadium  
**k**rown of the FlatIron  
top o’ the cake

Athena  
with her owl standing  
soldier air

~~

ok gimcrack Victorian Korean Presby

lockdown hard smack under the train  
track  
Smackdown  
the white peeling  
every bit tarped &

Garthe/18

bolts down      Neptune      subliminally utmost  
                 tidal & hormonal      & intuitive &  
deadly  
*Gothik deeper chimes who titillate all at once*

~~

*Birdlike* staring      in the sun on a rockpile

                                 Of grail  
honey                      ant and *Lizard*

That one could be      That **STILL**

That one could be      That propertyless  
                         grips  
                         the knees of the new statesman

~~

ergo butterflies shadow the page and sunflit how they

                 spot their eyes  
                         might make it all the way to Aberdeen  
                 *Old Timer* when the people stop *beComing* to you  
people petting the sides of the hills and memory of all  
                 the species

**The Skipjack**

*. . . this fluffy pond of head in hand*

The Skipjack's low freeboard  
guzzling

vistas Setter **S**ail    moon ropes the bottom  
cavalcade

Trench goblet of a particular flavor song lapsed in the cold asthma air

Hold

all present & absent turns    throws  
them under the bus

**T**hen

*grabbing backward, selecting final clothes*

to thread the wandering  
Skipjack    & navigate  
its palm rollshape baskets creaking  
GroundWater in the cold asthma air  
and    lay down on

The    Skipjack's low Freeboard Keep

DALE HOUSTMAN

**Beach Scene (With Concertina)**

1. WE OPEN THE REVUE WITH THE DEEPLY  
UN-WELCOMED

My boulevard wife knew everything about music's minimum  
requirements

And one freak wave soon lulled our coupling asleep in our black  
and blue Triumph.

2. DEITIES DENOUNCE DRUM SOLOS FROM A CLOUD  
OVER THE TEA ROOM

By the time we arrived at the interrogation kiosk a musical fanfare  
had been fully deplored

But still a curiously curt affection struck us as nostalgia for  
a future war.

3. AN ANTIDOTE TO EARACHES

The angry delivery boy and the librarian were looking for improved  
television viewers

While in our Panama wetsuits we assembled the "Device" and surfed  
to a glorious piano theme.

4. HALF-DEAD SYMPHONIC BREAKFAST

The angry Iberian sought deliverance in a naive Bristol comic  
with a broken guitar

And so we returned abruptly Stateside for the mystery burial  
and wine festival.

5. THAT MICROPHONE FLATTERS THE ALTAR BOY'S  
VOICE

We adopted Billy J. Bartok as our tour guide to the disintegration  
of the beach

Planned by hypocrites and leasing agents who proved an insufficient  
ensemble for the affair.

6. IN THE PROSCENIUM OF THE PERVERSE, A CHERUB  
DANCES

As a couple we hurried to be awake for the parents of the dead surfers  
and brought coconuts

For the incontinent and deluded practitioners who still wore their  
Continental touring tuxedos.

7. THIS MOVEMENT MIGHT NOT BE PERFECTLY FRENCH

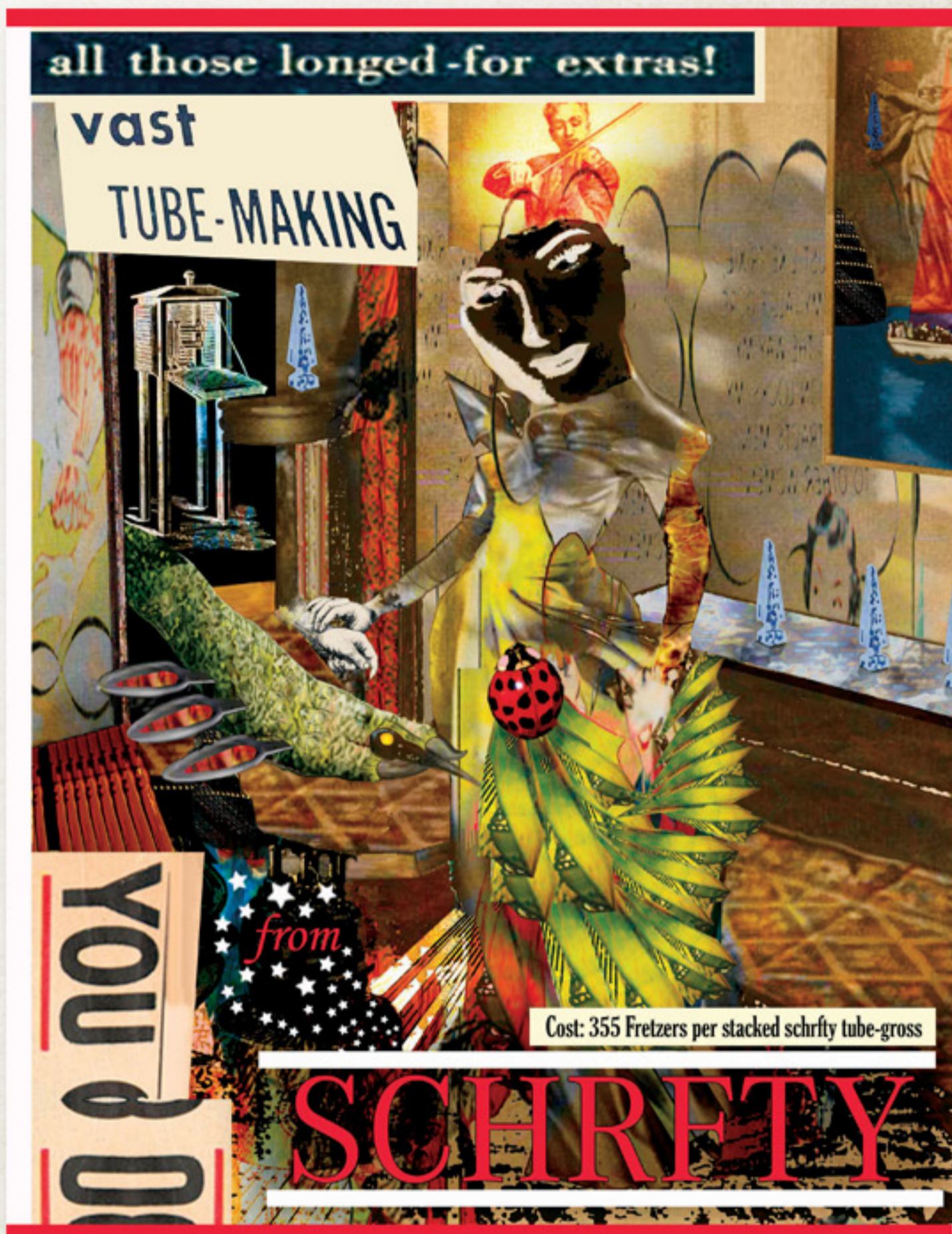
The slumbering beach musicians were incorporated into a florid  
program of farewells

As a deposed lover returned to London with a length of rusty metal  
piping and a ready smile.

8. ANOTHER UNRELIABLE ROAD CREW IS DISMISSED

The freak wave proved to be the equal of the boulevard wife

And by the time I returned to the beach the angry Iberian had been  
beheaded by a seagull.

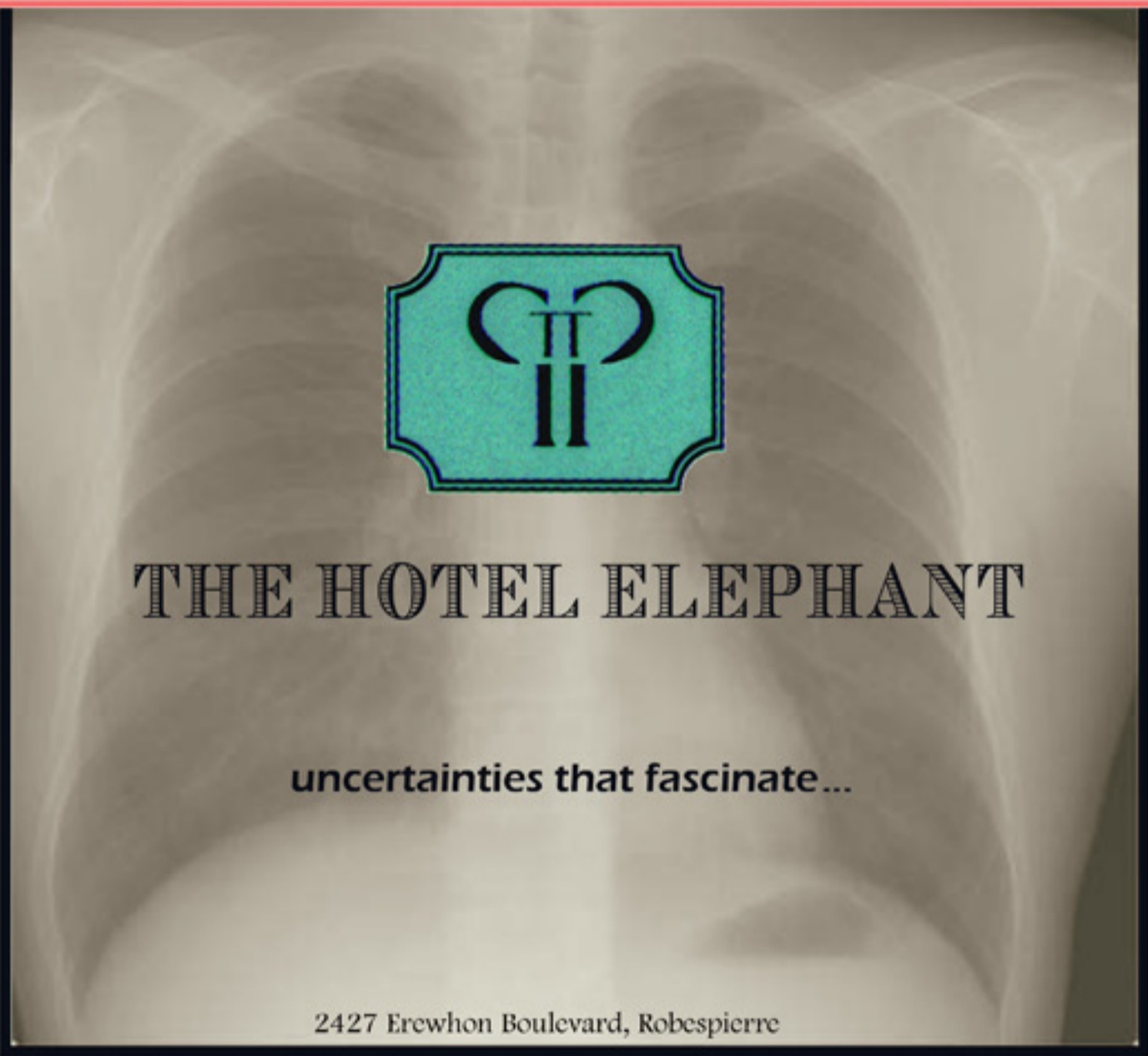


SCHREFTY by Dale Houstman, 2009  
digital image

How far would you drive to see children being herded into trucks?



ISN'T IT TIME FOR A MENDING REVISION?



THE HOTEL ELEPHANT by Dale Houstman, 2009  
digital image

# JEANNE MARIE BEAUMONT

## **Giorgio Morandi**

in the beginning  
    an object speaks  
for the space it occupies

near the middle  
    one bottle  
keeps another company

in the middle  
    each container  
makes a riddle of silence

*in the end,*  
    the artist said  
*it is just a white bottle*

the one with an  
    attention span  
spanning eternity

## The Windex of Versailles

You, dear addressee of the mirror. You Some say he was. And no one wants I too am often under the lowest of profiles, cutter of silhouettes Remember as children to sing ... <i>all fall down!</i> in these signifiers Suppose you are me is clarity enhanced? there's a pair of you you are the beloved and I held thee in They watched from <i>we</i> , new configuration Gee, we were grand, After you. No, after a cruel invention! next revolution? Let Nouns will crash mouse in the garden	inhabit the other side are not the culprit. Yet she was no saint. to be tagged It. fire so must maintain so low the cleverest could not capture. joining hands in a ring The trouble lies not but in our selves. as many presume If there's another you, and a pair of us, for or were, aka thou, a thousand tender glances. margins as we danced, yes, for an age of luxury. until it came after us. you. O the revolving door's Who will begin the pronouns fall to ashes. through the gates, and each feast on crumbs of cake.
---	---

ROB COOK

**Near the Ruins of the Sea**

When the city  
and its cell phone gutters  
vanish with the auditoriums of spring,  
when the rivers end,  
when the shadows no longer  
scratch themselves against the trees,

the rain without sufficient light  
attacks from those  
dimensions.

Kites that lost their way survive  
the wind that keeps  
the Atlantic from falling.

Their carbon broadcast simply stated:  
“If we stop looking for the people,  
they will disappear.”

Citizens of a shell sound,  
they were never meant to love each other.

Inside a house, nothing returns  
from the streetlamp’s glow  
against the radiator  
when it coughs.

The stillness will be taken  
by storm sickness,

an apocalypse of salt-warm weather,

no thunder,  
just a chair dropping its three remaining bones  
to the bottom of a raindrop.

In the regimes of their  
fractal sleep,

snails form on the window  
whose protection is all that's left  
for the foraging sea mist.

The bird-scratch drizzle comes closer,

and before the hallucinations of winter begin,  
window follows window to silent patches of war.

## Writing Beyond Storm Conditions

The poets stay up long past  
their illness trying to cure the silence,  
which is always the sound of paper with  
certain storm conditions:

puddles in the sky  
that were parking garages once, or sapphires.

Each comma can be felt  
dipping into the river.

They leave tracks  
leading back to September  
and the sinking Dairy Queens,  
the tornado sunsets,  
the nightclub mesas,

flickering cities of the first flashlight,

and everything else ruined  
and pushed beyond beauty by a poet  
who thought them worthy  
of his poignant jealousy  
and misguided starvation.

“Each syllable must be interrogated,”  
the poet tells the typewriter at the first loneliness.

The poets accomplish first a slouch,  
then a page forward  
to either Blake

or the one who says  
he cannot find the way back to you  
though you are standing right in front of him.

That kind of writing where it's cold  
but not yet winter.

The page follows  
its hackneyed heartbeats  
into a forgotten kind of grieving

and does not think about you

searching its many drifts  
for the bodies you've lost,

all the vowels  
whose holes are filled  
with gods that do not remember you.



BESTIA by Julio Antonio, 2012  
collage, paper and canvas (16" x 22")



BUNDLES by Julio Antonio, 2012  
collage, paper and canvas (16" x 20")



DESCENDING STAIRS by Julio Antonio, 2006  
acrylic on canvas (38" x 50")

BRIAN TIERNEY

**What We Inherit**

Often night cracks me open as dreams spill  
into waking life & this I wager is how a man  
begins to doubt light The night so existential  
so empty its edges its relics in jagged rows  
naming names My father's my mother's  
one day too & their granite grins sink teeth in my ribs  
because often I wonder about the darkness  
inside the darkness & if the dark is just the dark

& nothing else which dobbins in barns & owls  
in oaks could tell us if they talked or wanted to  
who watched that boy in the gulch last week  
wash in from the Ohio like a waterballoon  
in a crushed crib because his mother misread Moses  
& This is how a man begins to doubt he will  
come back as Jesus said from dirt or ash & intact

And do dead fathers skulk in me like failures  
as Rilke said Yes wonder so much wondering  
if in past times blistered peasants awoke too  
night having fallen into their eyes like wells  
& were they called back to sight only by sounds  
of something small begging for its life  
with the moon just about erased & ready to make  
its ancient promise not to tell the things it has seen  
all these years & must've seen greatgrandmother

yield eleven & deliver hundreds more being the town  
matriarch being the poor midwife & must have seen  
her cry before the burial washing Donald her fifth  
by candle & Bible & later in God's good standing  
when chains of cells ate her arm This perhaps is how  
one begins to believe there is only one life

& Last night as young bucks like loosed convicts  
near my window waited for sirens to settle  
before stepping into traffic the way their ancestors  
have always done forgetting the headlights not  
looking back I thought how mistakes are heirlooms  
of a sort & it's best to lay them down & box them up  
which we did when we laid Dad in cardboard  
by his many books & secret letters not seeing  
the dark in the box is the dark of the grave is  
the dark of the night The eyes of elders who watch  
& wait & never blink

## **Eschatology**

It is in a language of trees, a tangling  
of roots & shoots

& nodes twining through the body—  
this is how ends become

hymns. You cannot listen

to the cemetery angels. Don't believe  
scored stones behind

your ribs: seek Adam's fruit  
in a land apart from God

where follies fall like smoking jewels,  
& your face is a mirror

as tall as a redwood, & your body is a secret  
yawning in its shadow.

JOHN M. BENNETT

**Sole Dada Prime**

*(the opening of a transduction  
of Luis de Góngora's **Soledades**, 1614)*

Era of the anus the station's Florida  
in which the mental rubber of Europa  
(the medium loon arms so front,  
and the Sole toad in the rays of his pail),  
    lucent honor of the seal,  
in camps of sapphire paces trellis,  
wan hell that ministers potent the cup's  
major Jupiter, the girth of Ida,  
naugahyde and dedental sofa unsent,  
lacrimous day's amorphous ducts of quarreled  
    day's mar; which condoled,  
    fueled the undies, fueled the vent's  
    miserable gem,  
and seconds Arion's dull instrument.  
Dull simper in the mountain opposite pins  
    all enemies noted  
    piedough members wrote,  
brief table, dolphin not fired peeking  
at the inconsiderate peregrine  
which under Libya's hounds sure amino  
    filed, and filed his vittles under the lawn.

Dull ocean, pus, ants assorted,  
    and logo vomited  
not layered with a scolding corona  
of sick junk, of clattering plums,  
    algae toad and spuming,  
but halls' hospitalized dander, halls' neat  
    day of Jupiter the avid.  
Best arena, and the rotten nave's  
    aqua park pokes  
what it exposed or the dial plays to the rock,  
    which unsees the daily pains  
listing jars of degraded sins.  
Denuded the jumping quantum, yeah the vestige  
    ocean has bubbled  
the destitute hatchet of the arenas,  
    and all Sole low extends arrangement,  
    which, laminating pain's  
so dulcet lingo of templed flag,  
lent the beast and cons swerved style  
and the minor honor chops the minor hill.  
No bean, pest, of his lusty horizons  
that haste disequal, confused  
mounts of gravel and peels of mounts  
    deodorized them seats,  
wandered, entrained the miserable stranger  
in lots that yaw the mirror's redeemed fire,

entered the spines' crepuscular pissing,  
risks that own the iguana mall's involved  
vellum, intrepid Allah  
means cans the confused scales.

SILVIA CURBELO

**The Last Time I Saw Alice**

— *for Gayl Christie*

She was wearing silk pajamas.

She was counting rabbits in her sleep,  
sliding the heavy book onto the shelf.

She was losing the light, making  
shadow puppets with her hands—

*Look I'm a frog I'm a dancer*

*I'm an alligator in a tree.*

She was falling in love again,  
running out into the street  
amid traffic and birds.

She was singing that stupid song about  
ashes and roses, and nailing  
all the feathers down.

She was digging her way  
out of the sand,  
drinking rum and cussing at the scenery  
like a pirate in that children's book  
where the hero chews the treasure  
map and swallows  
while the girl swims to safety  
in her slip. And there's blood  
on his white shirt. And there's

the shoreline with its palm trees waving,  
and that spot near the rocks where  
the wind erased her yellow hair,  
her voice, the blade between her teeth,  
till she's the outline of a thought in your head,  
the blank in this story,  
a promise standing in the weeds,  
the silver shovel in her hand.

**Something Whispered My Name**

In the first flare of sun along the water  
In the uppermost leaves of the dogwood  
In the dirt road and the chainlink  
In the theater of the rain  
and the lake's shattered surface  
In the plain light of the history books  
In a bowl of dark fruit  
In bread, in salt, in memory  
In a dream's borrowed weather  
In the tender lies of morning  
like a glass slipper  
at the bottom of the well  
And once, without warning, the smallest  
breeze on the back of my hands  
passing through



WHAT DIGITAL HAS DONE TO US by Spencer Selby, 2012  
digital image



HOW TO SELL THE SUN by Spencer Selby, 2012  
digital image

BRIAN SWANN

## LOST NARRATIVES

### *Narrative of an Abstract Universe:*

Adopted by dragons in one version, according to anyone you asked he was a narrative character who adopted certain human traits and took on attributes of ancient defunct traditions to realize himself.

He was someone who soon made it possible for you to be inattentive and yet pick him out as a player in his imaginary town where the hierarchy was determined stylistically: so much for “febrile imagination”, so much for “supple style”, so much for “aiding the chromatic,” and so on.

In exchange, he gave the impression of solemnity, wore a costume unique of its kind and destined for creating allusive comprehension. He took the name John, so as not to be confused.

He surrounded himself with figures and lived as silhouettes live in a landscape. This rendered him more or less specific and yet a copy of the natural environment.

As worlds became lost he became them, showing us that history is hardly geared to render such accounts of enigmatic personalities since the universe itself is abstract and we are its abstract creations, living in a profound blue with painted gold stars.

And so he showed us that we too can become our world, allegories of whatever style suits us best. We can be the traits that represent our little scenes, or large surface murals, or copies of what we have just walked through.

We can press our nose to the world, even if there is no nose, or no world.

*Narrative of the Amenuensis:*

By the sound of it, night is vast.

The zapper next door is burning bits out of it, an indiscriminate cleansing.

What is matter actually about anyway? Will the object always be idea?

One day, much life may be happy as hitchhikers. But now distance is unconstrained, patterns are made and seen so nothing seems trivial, a way to make it all trivial.

Yes, but now is a time of wonderful stories. The one I am about to tell consists of whispers and the occasional innuendo:

The aged amenuensis pauses on the hill and reflects nostalgically on a wonderful story he once heard, or thinks he once heard. Or maybe somebody told it to him. But with everything now out of sight only the allusion to the story remains. A story about a lost love, or glove, at an airport. A young girl with a baby on a train or plane. He's sure she had a hare lip or a list or a lisp because a lisp is a sign of intelligence. Krishna had a lisp.

Thus it is to hunger. One's history becomes an axe. Someone is always setting things in order, cutting time to order or braiding it to climb down and escape.

Ah, we fly in the light as if light had no meaning. We walk among shadows as if. To escape we learn boxes. I admire the Japanese. Or the Chinese. There is no time for what we have left. The farther off the better. Music like the agglomeration of silence on marble steps.

*Narrative of the Fish:*

It doesn't pay to reproach the dead. This hand is enough, made aware, erected to them. The dead come out of you. Why mourn yourself?

Sometimes there is a way home even if paths go in wide loops past the unweeded garden and strips of black cloth stuck through the chickenwire. Suddenly a tree is flooded, and it all empties out.

My hand looks like five rags. This hand is a bride who has gone underground.

We must seem worthy of what has to be done. I must seem encouraged, like the ouzel's lamp behind waterfalls and under streams where fish are invisible as the flow picks up speed in its countdown to glory.

### *Narrative of Roof and Attic:*

These rooftops imitate information as they fight against the night of Vincent Van Gogh, swirling the hair of lovely women in spirals while the mouths of stories surface on silver, like fish, like shadows of fish that touch your face from.

I have grown used to it. By day I have tried fitting into passersby and small birds. I have taken the shape of young women, duchies of damp hair, to knock out the night.

Just under the roof the attic is exhausted rivers and seas. It is fish eaten up from within. So debits love us to death as we leap beyond ourselves at night to gaseous stars, while by day the sky, color of peacocks or gasoline, hangs in nets over the buttocks of sunbathers.

### *Narrative of the Swan:*

When the steam rises at sunup, trees send their little deaths skyward. There is still the call of unkempt graves awake to secret larvae.

Stringbeans have gone with deer whose prints are useless wings where the garden has left mint. Stones and several clouds return where a monarch, collapsing Rembrandt, is engulfed in air.

The hole where the wall stops, the elbow of rocks flaking the stream, the bird defined in silence, all turn blue. This theater hesitates, colorful, unsure. The green pepper sits wedged on stringy stalks. Squash will give buckets of blandness. The gold chalice of their flowers and the suppliant hands of their leaves reach out to where trees recover space and meet the turning point of midday. Then, a swan, queen of going, above the barbed wire.

Soon stars will shunt like so many wet stones along a riverbed beneath which they are shunted along a riverbed.

*Narrative of the Rose:*

With dry hands I traced dry branch, cracked glass jar, rose. But it wasn't clear until the sun's shoulders dropped below hip level. Away among the trees I heard her say: "Now you are asleep you ought to be ashamed."

I am a theater. I watch the stain spread. The invisible worm.

Trees are just opening, blossoms big as fists. A new kind of wind shares the glass-edge, ripping the old laundry I leave out each night.

There is an emergency. I stare dumbfounded. "Look, it's already fall."

The universe is at an intersection. In an approximate reflection of below, above is in ribbons. "As up, so down." Three steps up and three steps out. Back where I started. Someone has put a jockstrap on the statue. I try to stick birds back on its limbs, watch for take off. I pull back leaves of the rose, pull out the worm. O rose, thou are sick. But she says, "you missed." I try again to get it right with no nasty consequences. Until again the expected juts out and guts me. I double over, fire in the groin. What's left of hands I straighten and wave. I don't understand why they don't fly.

*Narrative of the Stars, Again:*

The stars come out from under the earth. Under the earth they have been eating our dead. The light of one star at the edge of the snow isolates me. Its breath is sweet and clear as ice. The wrinkles on the white tablecloth are star-blue. From here I am inside the star. I am here.

***Narrative of the Dog:***

The dog returns, his voice a hundred times more bright than the ornamental sundial that registers the passing of light and shadow.

At tables, the party continues. They speak of religion constantly. As everyone knows, they say, we broke something. They want to know why.

Exile is the first essence. Calling the dog, I leave. Solitude is my nature. Exile is essence.

***Narrative Without Topic:***

I turned back when I reached a motel, spare, blank. A floodlight was on. The windows were lit. No vacancy, said a sign. I checked in but did not sleep. Why is dawn so flimsy? And if we have to stop for the night, why is the illumined lawn the only manageable scenery, the only security?

## SUSAN KAY ANDERSON

### **Gasoline**

That was raw chalk, an old  
shoe to chew on—that was my  
eraser, a medicine I had no name for,  
that was a part of some dried up glue  
I hungered for, watched the other kids  
eat it. That was something I had never  
known about. It became liquid and yet more solid  
in my mouth. A joke. Muktuk. Ulu. Oogruk. Kuspuck.

Nome, and the candy bar I bought at the filling station.  
I ate it behind the lockers  
where our meat was stored. Where  
I stood and imagined being shut inside.  
It was warmer in there than outside.  
The candy tasted like gasoline.

## **Travelling Trees**

She sat by the picture window, watching the traffic go by, sitting on the bigger pillows of the couch, the log trucks making their way out from Mt. Scott and to Roseburg, the Timber Capital of the World. The trees still looking as if they were alive, there, piled up onto the long beds, chained down, dripping with bark, ferns, spade-footed toads, burls, leaving the drifts of ash behind, the snowdrifts of Mt. Mazama ash from thousands of years ago.



RING OF STELLAR DEATH by Barbara Lai Bennett, 2004  
mixed media, vellum, organza (18" x 24")

## LAWRENCE R. SMITH

### **The Desert**

Long-haul truckers sing arias to each other. They compose operas—set in saloons, swamp boats, RVs—then debut the works on their CB radios. Not many know about this, me least of all, as I proceeded west on Route 80 through Nevada's Great Basin. With every ping and lurch, I tried to dream up ways to get back to California before sundown. The old Camry stumbled along somewhere between Elko and Winnemucca, hard to gauge just where. Or how long my car would last under the best of circumstances. Visions of Leonardo's thin leather wings or a flash of teleportation tugged at the corner of my eye. But I knew the terror that lay just inside the fantasy. It lurked there every time I drove through scorching wastes. Inevitable thoughts of Bishop Pike dying of heat and dehydration in the Judean desert in 1969. If that could happen to someone so important, so spiritually attuned, how could a mere programmer like me avoid a grotesque death?

Out of that same corner of my eye, I saw a monster truck cab come up beside me in the lane to my left. I waited for it to pass, but it continued to run in tandem with my car. Looking out my window and up to the passenger side of the cab, there was Maurice (whose name I later learned) trying to signal me with his hands. The code didn't look like anything I'd seen before. It certainly wasn't American Sign Language. He held his hands up palms out, wiggled the fingers, folded and unfolded them in various combinations. He was also mouthing words; I was pretty sure he wanted me to pull over on the shoulder and stop. Even if I hadn't seen the deep indentation in the middle of Maurice's forehead, I wouldn't have stopped.

I love big trucks. When I was a kid I got a chance to ride in a Mack. The sense of titanic power, riding high over everyone, was scary but delicious. I also love motorcycles for similar reasons. When

you're riding on a classic Harley, you're always the coolest thing on the road. I love them but they terrify me. In college I stopped at a red light before taking a right turn. An old lady ran the light, whizzed by on my left just in time to get t-boned by a motorcycle with the green light. The momentum tossed the guy, the girl on the back, and the bike into the air. They slow-rolled forward and landed on their heads. With no helmets. Some years ago I bought a used Miata. When I put the top down I feel crazy and free, but also safer than riding a Harley.

As I watched the big rig pull away from me and disappear down the highway (and I slowed down to make sure that happened as fast as possible) I wondered what they were up to. The only guy I saw was the one in the passenger seat, but I assumed someone was driving the rig while he was sending code. Thinking about motivation didn't make anything clearer, so I returned to contemplating magic locomotion. Or maybe some psychic shortcut to California. And that was fine until I noticed the gas gauge registering near empty. That's when all my desert paranoia rushed back, along with anger at myself for not noticing before. There are all kinds of signs in Elko warning you to gas up. Did I ignore them? I was trying to remember the last time I filled the tank, but couldn't. Then I thought about the speed that was supposed to maximize gas mileage. Was it 55? 65? Ten minutes later I saw the truck stop. Normally, I'd be more likely to swagger into a biker roadhouse than pull into a truck stop. This time I had no choice.

As I was shunted into the truck stop entrance drive I was so anxious I didn't notice that it forked into a car side and a truck side. By the time I realized it, I was a good way down the truck entrance drive. I stopped, tried to turn around, then gave up and proceeded with caution around the last bend. My anxiety turned into a feeling of utter doom, because there they were, Maurice and Jake, smiling, leaning against the cab of their rig. Maurice waved. He knew I recognized him. He hollered out, "Come on over, me and Jake can help you out. We got what you need."

When things like this happen, you can either chew off your leg like a trapped animal, cut off your arm with a pocket knife like that guy in Utah, or go with it and pretend you're not cornered. I walked over to the guys and got most of a smile up on my face. They knew. Maurice

pulled a little sandwich bag out of his pocket. It was hard to see if it was filled with pills or some kind of organic lumps.

“Got what you need, Dude. This will take care of everything you been worrying about. Plus give you stuff you never dared ask for.”

Jake chuckled, slapped himself on the knee, stood up and did a little dance. He pivoted on the toe of one alligator boot and on the heel of the other as he chanted under his breath. I tried to make out the words, but no luck. Then I politely refused what they were offering. “Thanks, guys, but I’m so tired right now I’m pretty sure the stuff you’ve got there would put me out. And I’m a long way from home.”

Jake stopped singing and chimed in. “It’s what you need. You got to trust us on this one.”

I’m sure he could read the doubt—more than doubt—on my face. I was looking down, shaking my head, searching for a path of escape out the corner of my eye. “No, guys, I’m just going to have to pass right now.”

Maurice held up the baggie and took a couple of steps toward me. “Some people call it ‘ichor,’ some people call it ‘slippery lips,’ but I guarantee it’s exactly what you need. Just listen.” And then he broke into “*E lucevan le stelle...*” He sang it so beautifully, *a capella*, and his voice sounded like Placido Domingo in his prime. While he was singing I heard the orchestra inside my head. My hands went up over my ears, but that made the strings even louder. When the aria was over, I stood dazed and exhausted. At that point I was ready to do anything Maurice and Jake wanted.

“One lump or two?” Maurice asked. Jake held up one finger and replied. “C’mon, man. He’s an amateur.” I watched Maurice lift one piece out of the baggie, delicately, with thumb and index finger. It wasn’t a pharmaceutical pill—more a handmade ball, like the kind you get in a Chinese herbal shop. He handed it to me and told me to chew it slowly. The first thing I noticed was my tongue going numb. I think I sat down on the hot tar of the parking lot around that time and the guys sat on either side of me. It seemed like we were near a great body of water. The roaring sound my breath made as it passed in and out of my lungs was more like large breaking waves than anything else I can remember. And I know we talked about a number of things. For instance,

Moses in the desert and how much I admired him for not being afraid. This time I smelled the burning bush and it didn't even bother me. More water sounds and we were going deeper and deeper. When I heard all the mumbling, I looked up and saw that the three of us were sitting in a circle of brown-skinned people. I was afraid and grabbed Jake's hand, asking who they were. He said, "They're your ancestors." That made me mad and I got up on one knee. "They can't be my ancestors. They don't look anything like me." Maurice held my shoulders and lowered me back on my seat. "Sure they are. When the dead become the land, they take on its color."

I felt the circle and its comforts, a glorious coolness that moved through my skin and into my heart. Then the lifting up into air. I don't know how high I went, but I steered by tipping my head to the left or right, forward or backward. The name "Leonardo" passed through my lips and I smiled into darkness.

When I woke up I was lying in scruffy sagebrush. I tried to put my hands down and push up into a sitting position. But that didn't work, since I was wrapped tightly in a hospital blanket—you might say swaddled. As I pushed out my elbows and knees to get some wiggle room, I noticed all the insects that had attached themselves to the blanket. Then it was wild thrashing until I finally got free. I stood up and saw the truck stop fence about one hundred yards away. My head didn't hurt; it just felt empty. Even in the heat and knife edge sun, things around me seemed dull. And numb. No, it was me that was numb—and not just my tongue. Walking back to the truck stop to look for my car, I reached for my wallet. It was still there. Then I picked up on an acrid smell that made me sick to my stomach. Looked around for the source until I realized it was me. Then started swearing, even more than I usually do. That was when I discovered my new voice. It was somewhat lower than when I have a cold and there was a wonderful timbre to it. Unsure, I cleared my throat and tried a few lines of "Return to Sorrento." I sounded so damn good. Then the fear hit me. Maybe this was an effect of whatever they gave me, so it would surely wear off. Maybe I should save what little was left to demo for my wife. I didn't utter a sound when that old couple came up to me and asked if I needed help.

Maurice and Jake must have gassed up my car when I was out. And I mean really out, apparently for a couple of days. But as I drove off I knew they had told me everything I needed to know about that other dimension. It was just a matter of getting the words back and piecing them together. That's been pretty slow, but I'm still confident. Right now I'm not sure what kind of article or book it's going to make. And I'm not even a writer.

Last week I bought a CB radio. I've put out the word that I want Maurice and Jake to get in touch with me. It's amazing how uncooperative truckers are. No help at all. I've left messages on bulletin boards in all the truck stops in the greater LA area. Even thought about driving back to Nevada, but decided against it. It's not that I'm afraid. The desert comforts me now. I even wrote a *lied* about my Nevada vision—the flying lizards and soft rocks. I'd love to hear what the guys think about it. When I sing it on the CB, I get a bad reaction almost every time. I know my voice is good. My wife, Martha, says it is and she never compliments me. When I sing to her, she listens, but when I start to tell her the story, she walks out of the room.

Sometimes on the weekends I drive solo out to Joshua Tree and sing to the sky. The hotter it is out there the better I sound. When I open up my lungs, I own everything, my own story and the one that lives in the world that comes scratching through my CB radio. “*Mentr’io fremente le belle forme disciogliela dai veli!*”



SECRET GARDEN by Miguel Ronsino, 2012  
oil on canvas (79" x 59")

HELLER LEVINSON

**the road to melancholy road**

pothole ruckus backwater bushwhack

the newly abiding

landlocked to the disposition of ice,

causation ignoring the tool chest engineers a peculiar disquiet,

pinning for clouds that blush upon signal to avert the disparagers,

numerals coalesce, collectively refute augmentation

justice a flea that twitches

the long afternoons

D. E. STEWARD

## Septembaar

Thomas Hirschhorn's painfully astute *Camo-Outgrowth (Winter)* 2005, Philadelphia Museum of Art, "wood, cardboard, brown adhesive tape, 119 globes, printed matter"

Not adhesive tape but polymer packaging tape

Art at that level is indisputably significant

And in the manner of Hirschhorn and Picasso's *Guernica*, art can be ultimate evidence

It can last as such for thousands of years in the manner of the sandstone *Stele of Naram-Sîn* 2270 BC in the Louvre

Naram-Sîn's stele is a relief with him upslope from his warriors

He stands before the relief of another stele, the summit of the mountain itself, on which text in early cuneiform is inscribed

Describing his victory over the people of the mountain he and his army just conquered

A double sun hangs close above

Naram-Sîn was king of Akkad, a city and its region of northern Mesopotamia, between Assyria to the northwest and Sumer to the south

Akkad which means crown of fire, or Agade in some spellings, is in Iraq

It reached the height of its power before the rise of Babylonia between the twenty-second and eighteenth centuries BC

Whatever is left of the city's ruins after four millennia and recent heavy bombing and full firepower invasion

History is always pompous and selective, even when it is happening in the name of your own nationality and its deleterious effects are all around you

Directly or obliquely

And without material manifestation is always distant

The stultifying horror of employing torture, arbitrary imprisonment, bombing, drone warfare, ground warfare

The dog that never barks

*Camo-Outgrowth (Winter)* is not a *grés* relief, it is paper, plastic globes and tape

Even more fragile than *Guernica*

*Vida*: Dreamed that I was preparing for a fight, feeling tongue-tied and thick-headed, trainer lacing on my gloves in the locker room

Checking my mouthpiece and cup, sateen shorts up toward my armpits walking stupidly toward the ring watching my opponent glare

It was untampered with fate that I was there

It felt like it felt in the infantry

And I was one of Naram-Sîn's troopers attacking the mountain

With no volition

Infants playing in cribs with what's within reach, guns and all, and when other toys appear, put in with us by larger beings, simply accepting with little concern

Most of it having to do with things like the hijab, the various jihads, Zionism, faith-based analyses, the death of Mohammad's grandson, Jesus, feedback loops inherent to the polar ice melt, Al-Shabab, arrogance, ignorance, eyebrow threading, hogwagons, the Christian right, Ashura, Haredi orthodoxy, Hindu nationalism, Boko Haram, Maoism, Eurabia, Sharia's fatwas, Ulema, hatred of Obama, mindless and obdurate stupidity

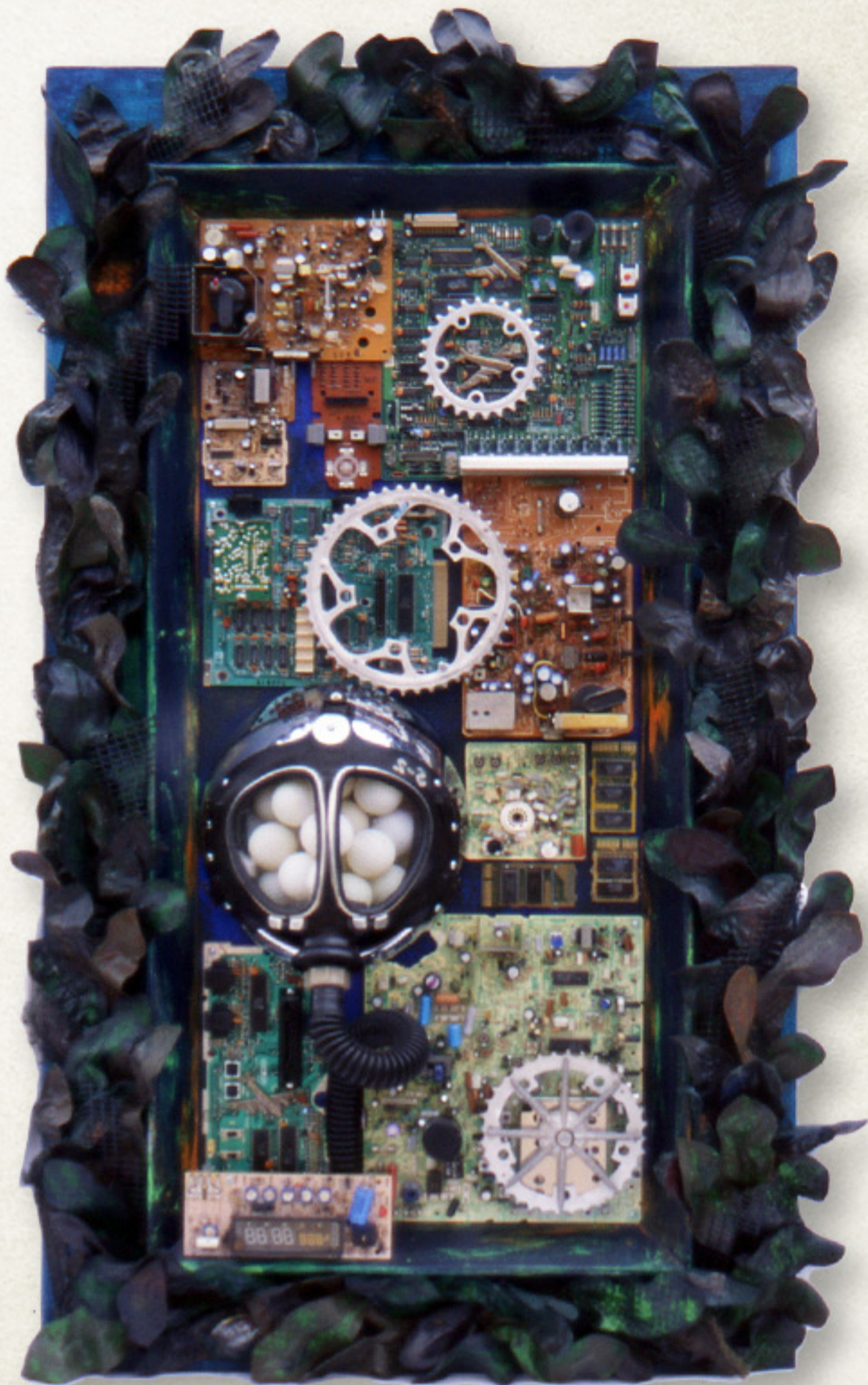
With none of these humorless realities casual or unimportant

“Traditional Saudi style triple layered burqa—with string. A traditional extra long size Saudi style double-layered burqa. Burqa is worn over the hijab, and screen can be pulled up over the head for better vision. This style has a mesh screen covering the eyes for extra covering. When screen is down you can see out, yet prying eyes cannot see in. Tie closure. Fabric is a quality light-weight georgette—with a breathable soft cotton inner layer. Imported from Saudi Arabia. Available in Black, Navy, and Chocolate. \$12.99”

Mostly we have no idea



SOMEBODY'S BABY by Deanne Yorita, 1997  
assemblage, mixed media (42 1/2" x 22")



SUCKING AIR by Deanne Yorita, 1998  
assemblage, mixed media (49" x 30")

## GEORGE KALAMARAS

### Archaeology

I did not list the slightly bruised.

I would willingly transport the silence as a predator of thunder.

The dead second floor suite choked the best hotel air on  
a monthly basis.

I could break glass across the sugar and create a new archaeology.

We appear to call one another by our Christian names.

I am known as, *dangling austerity on my side*. You, *take a long walk  
to maximize creative capacity*.

We explored the hecatombs. We studied the Knights Templar.

We became Masons and cracked the universal cure for a private  
network of sickness.

Of course, I removed my pants when I peed in the public restroom.

I imagined you in the next room, carefully measuring the month  
with a stained finger on a trembling stained hand.

## Everything I Have Ever Sad Somehow Says Through You

You may speak by name, speak by my very, yet leave out the nouns.  
Words like *sadness*, *stream*, or (*young-man's*) *dance* constitute me  
the syntactic slip of too much breeze.

I eat a floppy crayfish. I inscribe, with into heart, your stool.  
Everything I have ever sad somehow says through you.

In 1961, there were only thirty-six whooping cranes left in the world.  
How this figure shaped me, how it childhood and fear, how it stuck  
in my mouth like soap.

Here, take the x-ray of my lower lip and study the multiple cause  
of shame.

Fracture the silence with a kiss. Plural me in your tongue.

I am slow to tongue your mouth and mix the seed.

What of our shared vocabulary will you wash down with juice?

Which will you kiss back into me when I find your mouth with  
words like *Cole River* or *star-shaped track*?

There is nothing more beautiful than caressing the cranes as they  
river-dance my disease.

I will not touch them, nor wish upon their strut, nor force my mouth  
upon their vulnerable throat, for fear of invigorating their loss.

Let them fly. Let them sand-lice. Let them egg-lay without a crack.  
Do not bring them to our bed. I want their numbers to improve.

## **If You Asked Me to Come Back**

An odd choice of verbs.

An adjective striving to modify my mouth.

An exertion of moon sadness in each of the lower bone.

A series of fragments like tracings of horse sweat.

I would be a dog or an owl if you asked me to come back.

Patrick said he'd be a horse, *is* a horse, and the full of his mouth.

Funny how the floral pattern of a solid color resembles black turning  
to black.

Funny how the shade of cement and how we believe we are real.

The inguinal gap was, oddly, both open and clothed.

I dreamed the horse reached its tongue all the way through the mesh  
into the thorax of the hive.

I'm not sure my dog and owl selves could reconcile one another  
in the long-lured night.

When we heard the train howl, we half-expected the track to swarm  
through our back.

I will not but should. I would everything if only to survive.

Ask me to task, though I would not will myself to dust, nor carve the  
displacement of your honeysuckled sad.

Things I was scrawled. Issues I could.

So much dropped into us of the long-destroyed night.

AMYJO AREHART

**Still Humming**

*for Jack Spicer*

I watched a hummingbird die today.  
I didn't know to bring her moonflowers,  
purple clover,  
the leaves of my hair.

I sang her "La Vie en Rose"  
and told her of she who dances for bones until they breathe.  
Still, she died.

I pointed out the winged stars,  
showed her opium glass,  
sketched the charcoal street of Prague.

I told her how Lucifer follows the moon in her fall  
and how her light can be played  
when the bats sing their auras.

Still, she died.

I told her she was beauty,  
twisted up against noontime.

Still,  
still, she died.

## **There Was Walking There**

She didn't know the place.  
It felt like Manchester  
but with more starfish in the grass.

Forrest wasn't rolling his own, barefoot,  
and the light didn't fall away behind Main into the Eel.  
Even under the weeping cherry blossoms,  
there were no shadows.

They didn't need gardens there,  
and they never borrowed their words  
except from their ribs.

They didn't have words apart from sound and space,  
and space didn't give them lonely.  
Not even the hermits' words had shadows.

She didn't need to be held until her breathing was quiet.

It took her a long time to get there,  
a lot of choked blue crossings  
and folded over.

Breathing was hard. Crying harder.

But there was walking there,  
bricks and stone of moss. People in the sun, robed.  
Even the hermits had arches. To their feet,  
they made bright altars of swirling purple leaves  
and passion flower.  
They never crossed their hearts or folded their breathing into stones;  
there was walking there.

JOHN DIGBY

**He Was Caught Like a Rabbit in a Snare**  
*(collage poem)*

It was about eleven p.m.

For over a full hour  
the vicar had been reading

All was very quiet

The only sounds were  
the rustle of the Sunday newspaper  
and the ticking of the clock  
on the mantelshelf

Suddenly the wind shook the window sashes  
with the crack of lashing whips

The vicar sprang to his feet  
a tormented creature

A wild looking specter presented itself

It was Drao!

The vicar was caught like a rabbit in a snare

“Listen vicar my present wretchedness  
dates from yesterday

*Digby/70*

I fell in with a band of Gitanos  
they were rather heavy smokers and  
in general very cruel  
murdering every person they met

From dead bodies  
they took the spirits and animated them  
with strange musical sounds

Oh it was very spooky  
for the bodies were frightfully swollen  
and exhibited a dark blue colour”

The vicar stood for a moment  
petrified listening listening

Early next morning  
two women were found  
with no clothing beyond  
the remnants of their night-dresses

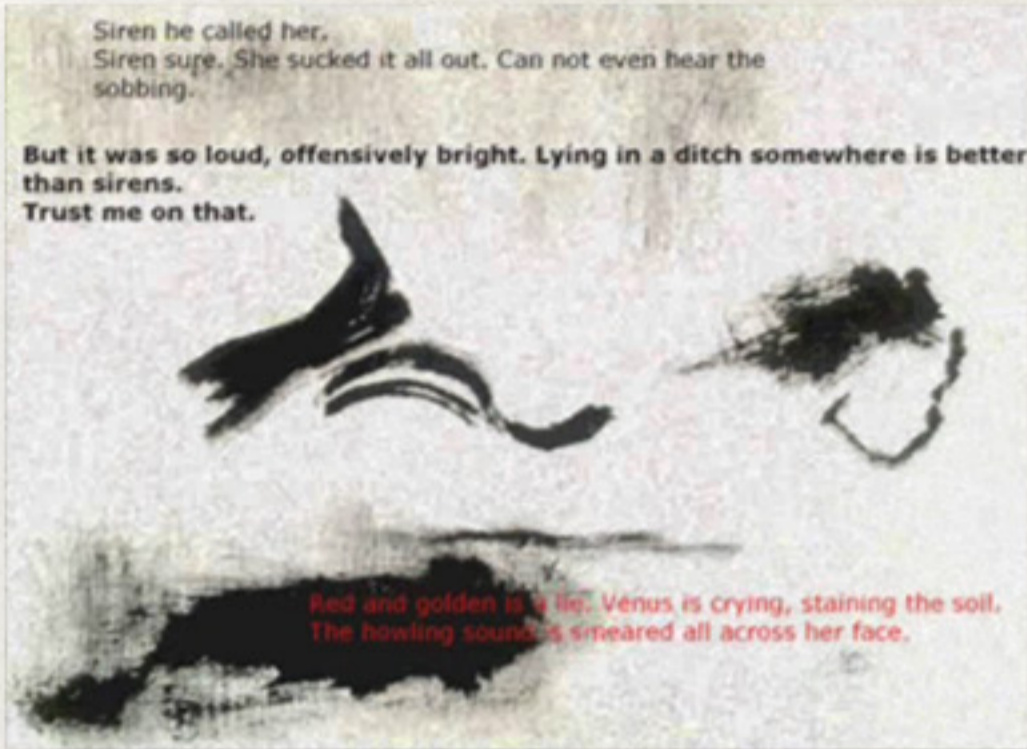
One of the poor creatures had  
nothing but two stockings  
on the left leg

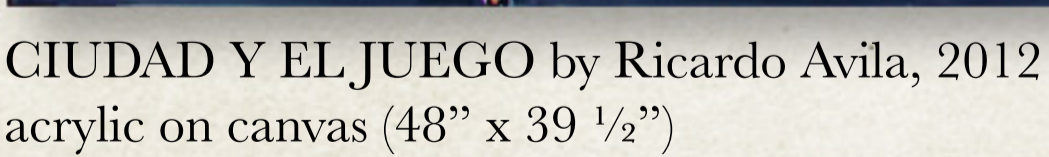
Both parties hissing rather loudly  
were wrapped in a crimson mist  
near a fine blazing fire

Help arrived with plenty hot tea  
toast and a rather a large  
platter of scrambled eggs

The ladies were provided with  
dry clothing and escorted  
to the vicar’s rectory

SARAH EDWARDS







CIUDAD CONTAMINADA by Ricardo Avila, 2012  
acrylic on canvas (48" x 39 1/2")

CRAIG COTTER

**ON LENNON'S 70<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY**

It turns out  
all the titles of Frank O'Hara's poems  
weren't written in all capital letters.

So he takes a lifetime  
to get each word right—  
and his dear friend Kenneth Koch

standardizes his titles for the Collected?  
Now a new O'Hara Collected needs to be published  
to correct all these errors.

\*

Frank, I'm much more into Lennon than Rachmaninoff.

\*

Jennice: "I could've been Angie out on the street, thank you."  
And a kiss.

\*

Michigan v. Michigan State on Channel 7 in less than an hour;  
foot spa in San Gabriel with Ho at 5; see "Nowhere Boy"  
at the Arclight  
on Sunset at 7:20; hear Silent Treatment at Viper Room 10 p.m.

\*

I was studying for a final in East Lansing,  
house 5 of us rented  
so no more dorm.

Was studying literature and geology  
so had to be a geology final  
as English classes gave papers.

Oceanography? Geography? Astronomy?  
December 1980.

\*

I wrote to John Lennon twice at the Dakotas in 1978.  
He was deep into his retirement, enjoying Korean whores, smoking  
tons of dope,  
and writing plenty of letters.

I was writing a paper on The Beatles  
and asked him for an interview.  
Along with telling him how much his music meant to me.

He mailed his phone number in the first letter.  
He was very chatty on the phone.  
When he asked me about my girlfriend

he was cool with me being gay.

\*

As a macrobiotic that didn't believe in the Big C,  
he would've battled cancer like Harrison.

\*

*Cotter/76*

Detroit was one of Lennon's 1980 tour dates—  
I was finally going to see him live.

\*

Someone stole his leather jacket  
with the 4 bullet holes in the back  
out of the morgue.

I look for it  
every time I walk New York.

\*

You would've liked Neil Young's "Harvest Moon."

## ROBERT VANDER MOLEN

### **The Minch**

What you distrust is often wrong  
I understand that now

Your tattoos so prominent  
I thought I could spot them  
Through your clothes

Talk of jewelry, mention of  
A gold dagger, a woman's dagger  
A fisherman found in his net  
Toward the close of day, the fish vanished...

Potatoes  
Buckies and spoots,  
But no one eats limpets...

Rain the sound of dropping dead insects

No detail uninspected

For a moment, a spit of light  
On the woodpile, tawny birch,  
Fawns parading through fern—

The wind was bitter from the east,  
Your body on mine, pressing down,  
A floral remembrance...  
Drugstore corridors...

*Vander Molen*/78

A streetcar  
Rambling past the avenue  
Over the cliff and into the ocean—  
But to answer, I always  
Thought of you as Scottish  
Because you look Scottish

JOHN BRADLEY

**Intermission: In Which Jane Russell Auditions  
for the Role of Billy the Kid**

Language is a noise, noose, nuisance nuptial.  
Firest only at those you fully and fatally fail.  
Like a pony with all of its organs drawn to scale on its hide.  
The only cure moving through the mouth while not moving.  
No good can come from a god with two legs and no tail.  
I never did hate a man I didn't like or liked a man I couldn't hate.  
Commingle mouth and motionless, hand and cloud.  
I always was quite fond of the smell of pine coffin.  
The book under the tongue pollinates no dust.  
Consider the word *regulator*, stasis in the face of the sun.  
Only the very old, the aged young.  
On Friday, boil the bullet—salival rupture—which will claim me.  
Sometimes an ear, sometimes the left hair.  
Trust not the fool wearing your trousers, your tonsils.  
You knew. Couldn't say. I don't know.  
Your teeth grown soft and rigid and soft.  
Like a cat with all its fur grown inward.  
You want to say something fragile and flickering on the ceiling.  
Exhale, unburden your mouth-vowelled flesh.  
I remove your heart and leave in its place a piano.  
Inhale, ignite the cipher on the wall of the eye.

The only remedy silently curing the tongue.  
I never was too fond of the sigh of the abattoir.  
Kill the grave, and you kill the graveslinger.  
The only known cure moving the sky through the mouth.  
Sallie, tell them again the sing in a silence.  
O loin in the untoward center of the tongue.

## **Fourteen Famous Little Known Uses for Butter**

John Bradley, who always carries part of a pen, signs the historic guest book “James Bradley.” Everything tastes better daubed with butter, unless the dauber daubs a gilt-edged picture frame.

\*

So in eighth grade, John Bradley travels by bus to Washington, D.C., to witness, along with classmates, the frozen monuments left by a migratory glacier. All the workers at an ice cream factory during break massage their feet with logs of barkless butter.

\*

James Bradley writes a book about John Bradley, who could be his father, or someone who survived by eating a flag. An owl’s ear begins to unravel when a passenger in his sleep fondles the leg of a lamb in a field of fattened butter.

\*

Instead of “P.S. I love you,” the children on the bus sing, “B.S. to you too.” A nun carries an axe greased with winter butter should she need to cut through a serpent tossing itself about on a sticky classroom floor.

\*

One of the six marines in the black marble has no face and cannot be identified. In order to save a distressed book, he must first bury it in a swamp, recover it, then centuries later read to it parts of itself, page after page, while shaving, using snail butter for lather.

\*

The boy John Bradley photographs himself by the Iwo Jima statue not knowing the soldier John Bradley disappeared into black marbled history. “You’ve changed,” says a mother to her son, after his body—without the daily butter bath—begins to show stretch marks.

\*

John Bradley signs the ledger “James Bradley.” His father appears near his shoulder, telling a stranger he’s the missing sixth man. This is not the time to discuss removing a bullet from a limb of bleeding butter.

\*

“Every monument believes it can be shaped into a statue of marines raising the flag on Iwo Jima,” the black marble tells the eighth grader who calls himself John Bradley. According to law, anyone named after his father must use his mother’s name until she agrees to marry her son and sleep with his baby butter.

\*

This father summoned by the name “James” bears a small replica of WWII in his right shoulder, just as John’s father does. Why would anyone remove his wedding ring with a swelter of butter and then complain about a leopard licking his undemarcated hand?

\*

In the book by James Bradley, there is no John Bradley leaping into oblivion, each time shouting to those below that his name is Geronimo. You must take great care of your buttered flesh so it does not overheat on its journey past the battered sun.

\*

James and John cannot find their father, they claim, in the footage on the History Channel, though from time to time they hear from next door “The Ballad of Ira Hays.” Everyone grabbed the rope and pulled for years—in fact, still pulls—at the cow stuck past its shanks in clover butter.

\*

With a quill retrieved from his incomplete pen, John crosses out “James” and above that writes: “Dye your butter red or green for a festive occasion, white or black for filming a funeral.”

\*

Ira Hayes, arrested fifty-two times for impersonating someone who did not die on Iwo Jima, unfurls himself in Sacaton, Arizona, far from the flag on Mt. Suribachi, from a compass that points always to the nearest shaft of mineralized butter.

\*

Where it states, “Explain the reason for any distractions while filling out this form,” John Bradley writes, “Sawing my father in half.” In a few moments, all the guests, having applied the clarified butter, wipe their hands with a hot towel dispensed with tongs, and find, in silent astonishment, their knees no longer squeak.



MARK VIII—CHANEL by Luis Gispert, 2011  
C-print (55" x 89")



MARK VIII—COACH by Luis Gispert, 2011  
C-print (55" x 89")

RAYMOND FARR

**Scroll**

Don't reach for the owl in yr  
nightmare  
about childhood. Scan  
the breezy samples of  
poems I downloaded instead.

No tsunami  
rests until the swell is  
ashore. Begin  
reaching deeper, grabbing psychic  
ass of yr demons' rhetoric. These  
we call a toy lover's apostle.

A thing or  
personage no more & no less  
than some less digital sense  
or version of  
self strikes home when robots  
are involved. Some balloon music  
is "putting the moves"  
on a sunflower.

My so-and-so Japanese stone  
figure arrives broken & unlucky.

Is a tale all  
about love something we  
desire? Or the fancy feet of  
our need dancing  
like a hobo across the zeitgeist  
of center stage? As if one  
is stricken  
with a palsy, a pome in

the upper realms becomes relatable  
as sense washes away.

A turn  
on a highway is a propos  
of a poem.

The sky is where blackguards  
set chattel to chattel song.

All the live-long urinal pose.

Dispossessed of  
a right. A STONE FIGURE OF  
SNOW WHITE coalesces  
like nothing but Betty.

& then

Pollock's *Lavender Mist*  
seemed deliberate, a renegade;  
his paintings a lariat,  
or sure thing.

A siphon-ic sirloin, an egg box,  
the essence of which.

Old & cold & alone. Etc. Flown down  
channel 20/century 7  
is classic Dean Martian.

His Mt. Suite viola plays  
& plays

the great lost heron sonatas  
of another  
century. Cable news broadcast  
vibrates

at intervals. Reception is good.  
Not spectacular though.

The oxen  
are durable. Get off  
of the oxen. According to the  
length required, I smiled all  
Sunday.

Ovid never traipsed his tongue  
across the hinterlands  
of Tennessee.

Our repast is lyric. I mean a  
porcelain face so sweet & clean  
it breaks  
yr heart. Someone is telling  
the story  
of how the goat caught fire  
in the rain on Monday. The others  
are on their centripetal sides.  
All over Eden's freshly mowed  
lawn. Someone  
means culture. Or the version of  
history informing our dissent.  
I am turning on  
the Don Juan. I am  
rolling down the blinds. The picture is blue  
& yellow  
as a hummingbird in ambient  
Hawthorns.  
Thinking I dropped like an  
A-Bomb into yr hands.  
Rare as  
a child, or an orchid, I stepped  
clear of the darkness.  
& into yr expression.  
The beginning was like  
begging. *Hold me*, I pleaded. A guitar  
is both a bass and a guitar. A  
GREEN GREEN PALM TREE  
w/ bright  
yellow flowers. The neon sign  
supposes Edvard Munch is pink  
& blue;

that the essence of a man  
eating an Alpo snack treat  
holds less & less meaning  
as his poems emerge like a boat  
from the fog. Our duty  
is to the arts. Surrender yr pages!

We go small.

Some exotic garden reels  
beneath a shower of metallic beads  
becoming surreal. A tune of  
little flaming hoops  
& one never  
dreams of ice storms again.

### Photogenic

Occasionally a camera will ferret out  
one angle above  
all others & stroke it till it dies  
of loneliness. Shooting a scene  
dire with all probability, built in,  
excised as a bird hopping  
on one  
glass foot, twelve golden beaks  
snipe like riflemen.  
Occasionally  
a bird will be found out.  
Its nascent intellect seduced,  
taken off  
the beaten path of circumstances  
beyond our control—  
a swirl of  
pathos, of bones of  
a string—ad nauseam—of colored bulbs  
of light. I have a believable  
self this fails to explain. Otherwise  
I am fine. A fine body of  
nominal work. Just a bit too human  
this morning. A camera has  
no bottom & no top.  
No center  
other than focus of cleft.  
This left.  
That right. The texture of purpose but  
lacking purpose. Shapes  
mount in passive darkness. A series  
of angels  
stir in formatted blankness.  
All dark to the touch  
of the eye.

This is how & when I delve.  
I am into a tune played on the radio—  
the name of a woman  
who's bathed herself raw—  
this is obsession—  
a goat eating everything in sight.  
But what a  
shot!—a kitten of bloated rice cakes,  
darkly & softly  
inhabited—creepy cunt  
creviced with  
stark personae! The photograph  
says I am putting on pounds.  
Even as I  
sit here, hoarding calories,  
my eyes, a page written on a grain of rice,  
so small, so enigmatic  
they appear beautiful.  
& the kitten of bloated rice cakes—  
a cat now.  
This or that peculiar puddle  
meowing  
contempt for any sensible  
outcome. Taunting us with clever  
cleverness—Get into yr costume,  
little balloon! Blue men, take up yr swords!  
You look authentic,  
buffalo gal,  
in yr silk & leather thong!

# MUSIC IN THE AIR

*Two Pieces by Greg Sipes*

**Ring Mechanics 1—Prometheus**

**Ring Mechanics 2—Pandora**

## BOGDAN PUSLENGHEA

### **rainy little monday**

i thought  
this monday would be  
magic as rain  
in a cup;  
slippery  
fatigue and  
boredom  
reversed the angle  
drop  
by  
drop

a telekinetic  
cup,  
a table  
and my agony of  
under-standing

silence  
is a mimicry  
of passion  
without arms

JAY PASSER

**ghat astrology**

a void of, a bowl of,  
comic book psychosis  
day dream carnival mirror Cyclops  
oatmeal steeped in Stolichnaya  
We waited months for the mail  
stuffed with mud and broken glass,  
swordfights with bamboo poles  
fix-it version of projected identities  
replaced with a character constructed  
of paper mache and hard candy  
addicts of the Inferno  
We waited hours for phone calls  
cosmic cynic, he who forged keys  
some diamond encrusted holy fool  
black rice, beach of stars  
We slid down barrios  
on sheets of acrylic for kicks  
land mines like asteroids



PLANETS AND COMETS AND STARS by Scott Brennan, 2012  
giclée print

JAMES GRABILL

### **Current Affairs**

Viscous has been the economic entrapment of the employed and unemployed. The arsenic and mercury dumped from mountain top mining in the East has leached into the Bill of Rights. The undereducated demand their fear be heard as anger and amass into rule of one over all. Belief in the invisible afterlife which is their heritage requires hard work to maintain. Lying, denying, elevating sensationalists, siding with wealth must be a kick.

Many have unlearned the concept of “the common good.” Privatized secrecy and espionage is called propriety. The public has no right to see what goes into numerous ingestible materials available at supermarkets, off the superhighway. Ancient ancestors of us all determined the invisible being wanted them to have what they could get; modern alien corporations don’t ask. Intimidation lowers wages and helps the bottom line. Absconding with great territory isn’t difficult if it’s public land or the unquestioning mind. Identity has been a fairly recent development, fought at each rung of the ladder by organizational anonymity that makes ends easier to mean. Patched-together meanings sound familiar, and childlike surprise over touch-screen sandwich ordering makes wealth seem like anybody.

Demons exist in insulated worlds of money, but not many believe in demons today. However, everyone nearly believes in antibiotic treatment of micro-organisms, when most of the other beings alive in the body have not been named. Science keeps catching up with its capabilities and what has import. Teachers who never learned about the climate are in charge of teenagers learning. Civics classes were thrown out with the cat following turmoil of the late ‘60s. Babies were pitched and

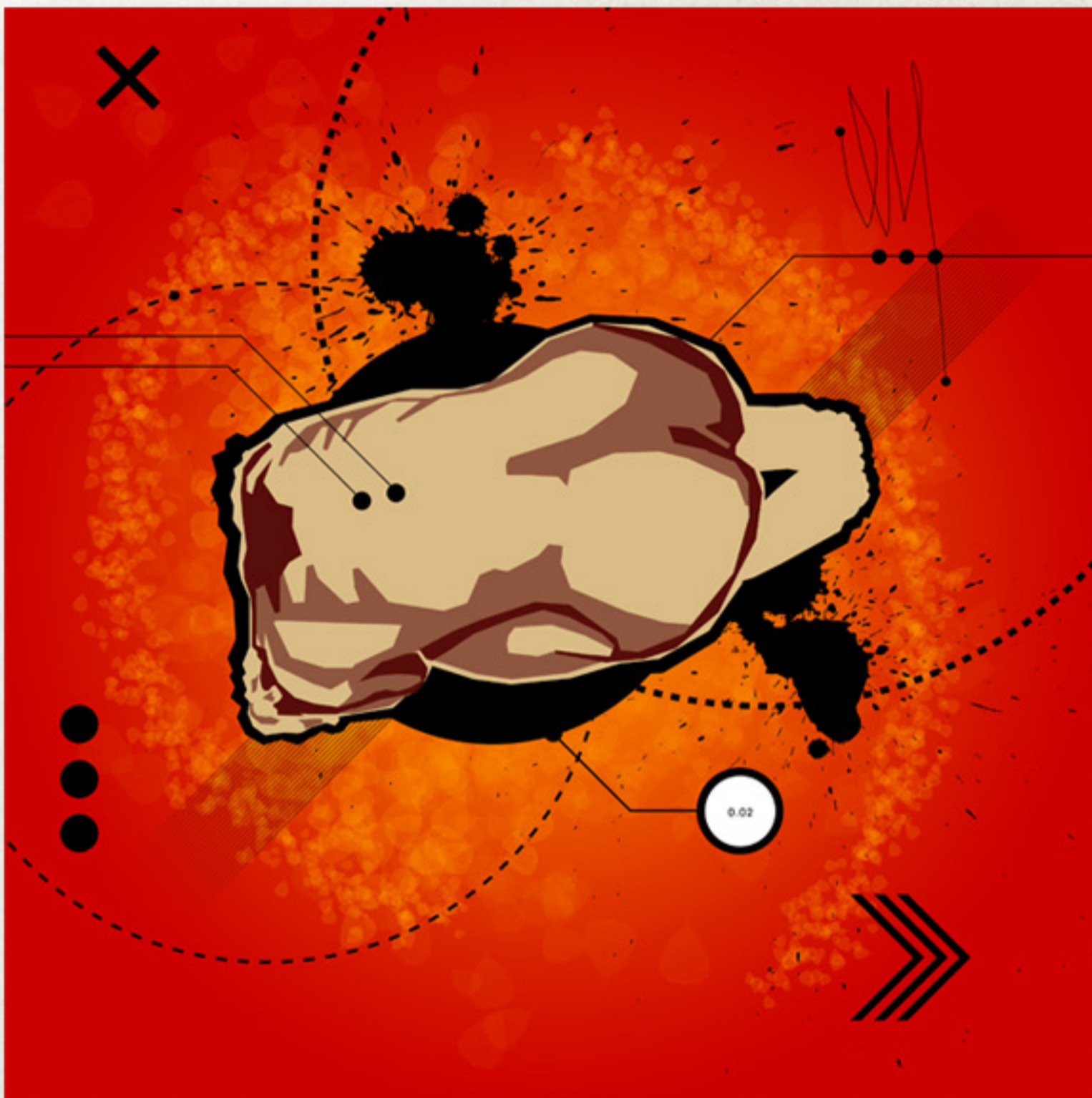
bathwater kept, when there's more to be found in central depths of the brain than eyesight and the mind in cahoots.

When survival depended on auditory and olfactory detection, underground rooms felt safe and about the right temperature. Synergistic systems require broad-spectrum views antithetical to corporate oligarchy. People weren't monkeys before they absorbed the tail, but little diggers then climbers, and before that, upstarts of lesser known design, hand-sized harpies gnawing when language meant pissing on stone that wouldn't be leaving. Worms probably taste like energy going down, electrical fires of soil and sauce. We were cells that decided to move out of the frame. Tidal pools would have had tiresome drawbacks. Linking purposes would have extended reach. Collaboration meant abandoning isolated instances of individual being, while embracing it.

No one's only eating for one, but for uncountable lives of the ecosystem self. One might think recognizing self of ecosystems doesn't depend on futuristic fourth cognitive levels. Reptiles pray to the sun for another creature to eat. The wavelength world exists before and after penetration of the egg by a hearty swimmer. Western Civilization bucks on the bronco of higher clarity and nobility of intent; it falls to the dust, and the clowns rush out, which it must assassinate in nerve stalk galleys before climbing back on. Philosophy knows oceanic sync, and walked with Newton in gravitas out of medieval drapery. The carousel Earth circles the solar core of its trees. The armies follow hesitant omnipresent generalizations into solidity on the ground, and beneath it, as beauty points to the larger place we could see. Nailing down sense abandons the commons, however much the cellular past is present.

Poverty flees by fighting an influx of demon species made out of spot-welded steel and bolts. Machinery advances into telesensation, where anonymity accumulates control. The climate, what heat? Peak oil, what do you know? Rare earths, we have the bomb. The ethically absent do whatever it takes. Predatory species have more moral sense than no-one-in-charge money machinery eating all it can swallow. Transnational robots roam the planet, replacing people the way bodies replace skin cells.

The intelligence of cells transcends organically, creating local complexity and beauty. This indwelling sense will eventually win over blast furnace forces, but will the systems we need as breathing cells be in place? The cells of a mother cat know how to take care of the young. The cells that evolved into parts of the brain continue to use it and depend on humanoid constructs of identity to catch up. No one can count the number of beings who look through the eyes.



CYBORG by Cristian Del Risco, 2012  
digital image

## CALIBAN

### The Legacy of Louis Simpson (1923-2012)

Thirty-eight years ago I did an interview with Louis Simpson for the *Chicago Review*. I quoted Nabokov's afterword to *Lolita*, where he says "It had taken me some forty years to invent Russia and Western Europe, and now I was faced with the task of inventing America." Then I asked Louis if he wasn't doing something similar in his own poems: inventing Russia and America. The idea excited him, and he pointed out that he had written the first American review of *Lolita*, a rave review. He had compared Nabokov to Gogol: "There's a delight you feel in *Dead Souls* as he describes all these strange characters that live in the Russian countryside—some of them half mad, all eccentric, very strange—and he's having such delight in describing them." Like Nabokov and Gogol, Louis saw the extraordinary in the everyday world. In his brilliant poems, he allowed us into that vision, so that we could sense the strange power in all the things we habitually ignored. And like Louis Aragon, he realized that it is always possible to fall through the sidewalk into another reality. When he wasn't being angry and sardonic about the venalities (including his own) of modern life, he was, like those early surrealists, in pursuit of the Marvelous. Of course, like many young writers in the sixties and seventies (who are now old), I preferred his dazzling lyricism to the ironic invectives. When I expressed that to him years ago, he replied, "Sometimes you need irony. Sometimes you need it quite a lot. Just to go on living."

There are so many lines from Louis Simpson's work that are burned into my memory, but the last lines from "Walt Whitman at Bear Mountain" are more to me than dazzling lyricism. Their mind-bending metaphor has the power to lift you into ecstasy:

The clouds are lifting from the high Sierras,  
The Bay mists clearing.  
And the angel in the gate, the flowering plum,  
Dances like Italy imagining red.

**Contributors' Advice, or Free Speech Corner, or the Blind Assemblage (being the unedited comments of contributors on almost anything)**

JEANNE MARIE BEAUMONT:

Theodore Roethke asked, "Who cares about the dance of dead underwear, or the sad waltz of paper bags?" I do, I do. And you should too!

JOHN BRADLEY:

**The Book of the Future:**

Will be injected into your favorite bottled water or sports beverage. Will, for a small charge, read the book and post your thoughts on it for you. Will remove whatever could offend you or your pet(s). Will randomly rotate the order of chapters, sentences, and irregular verbs. Will insert you into the plot, at no extra charge. Will request, at the end of every paragraph, that you advise the author fifty ways to improve the book. Will convert the book, as you read, into a film starring Samuel L. Jackson and Lindsay Lohan, or if you prefer Samuel L. Lohan and Lindsay Jackson. Will add to the plot various persons presently sitting about you. Will require, whenever you pause, a thumbs up or down review. Will wonder, every ninety-nine seconds, if there is anything it can do to heighten your reading experience. Will replace the protagonist's name with your own. Will cause the death, due to a fall down the stairs, of any character you so desire. Will query, every one hundred and one words: *Wouldn't you rather be weeding your beets right about now?* Will cleanse your book portal with a moist, lemony mist. Will, upon your three millionth eye-blink, dissolve in your body. Will, should you ever arrive at the last page, erase from your memory all trace of the book, so that you might read it again with the same joy as the first time round.

BRIAN TIERNEY:

The snails have come out in the rain, searching lesser shelters, shells wrecked as our spider-cracked glasses from which we couldn't see, in the ashen light over the hill, the buck-shape crossing to the park that we know is sign the wet world is changing, writing ourselves letters in the

jaundice kitchen, savoring sticky stamp-backs in the backyard, sealing things up where bodies together, hands together, muscles wrenching together steadily sifted the spent dirt to plant sage, mint, & basil, to cultivate lilies loved so much by the soft eyes beneath, which dream how far it's come, though the scabs are sore in the allegorical place, the paradise & fall, the chances innumerable as vole holes, the table gamble, getting it right or wrong, and what if our hands act faithfully?

KAREN GARTHE:

*writing to the architecture*

Fondazione Sandretto Re Rebaudengo, Turin, Italy

Rising at the foot of a vertiginously high staircase, "A los Ojos de la Historia," by Kcho (Alexis Leyva Machado), also acquires the bent of Surrealist provocation. *Fashioned from metal and twigs, it is an Arcadian homage to Tatlin's "Monument to the Third International," an iconic but never-realized tribute to industrial-strength Communism and the worker's utopia it was supposed to bring about. Seen here, that dream is granted the status of a bourgeoisie plaything, the fragile descendant of rustic frivolities at Versailles.*

"Casa Voguish" Herbert Muschamp, New York Times, 2006

RAY GONZALEZ:

"THE LAWS OF THE COSMOS ARE IN CONFLICT  
WITH THE LAWS OF POETRY"

Roberto Bolano

**Law number one:**

*Stars are matter. Poems do not matter.*

**Law number two:**

*Always use a green pen. Never use a pencil.*

**Law number three:**

*Do not throw any drafts away or they will haunt you.*

**Law number four:**

*The spirit in human form is not the same as the spirit in oral or written language.*

**Law number five:**

*Always know where your shoes sit under your writing desk.*

**Law number six:**

*Black holes are not made to consume artistic depression.*

**Law number seven:**

*Black holes are not made to consume artistic expression.*

**Law number eight:**

*Distant stars have nothing to do with your life and using them as metaphors is outdated.*

**Law number nine:**

*Distant galaxies do not have an answer to human knowledge or misunderstandings.*

**Law number ten:**

*Poems can breathe on earth, but not on the moon.*

**Law number eleven:**

*Poets who dream about the moon will be arrested at the border.*

**Law number twelve:**

*Puncture flash nothingness.*

**Law number thirteen:**

*"Luck" is a four-letter word and so is "star."*

**Law number fourteen:**

*The planets in our galaxy revolve around the sun.*

**Law number fifteen:**

*The sun in our galaxy revolves around the poet and puts stars in his eyes.*

**Law number sixteen:**

*Select one: A blank page or a black hole.*

**Law number seventeen:**

*Martian poetry shall always be embedded in Jack Spicer's grave.*

**Law number eighteen:**

*Martian poetry is the secret ingredient that makes poets fight with one another.*

**Law number nineteen:**

*The poet is an UFO.*

**Law number twenty:**

*Never replace the word Flying with the word Fucked in the above law.*

**Law number twenty one:**

*"Dwarf planet" does not refer to any famous poet, only thousands of unknown ones.*

**Law number twenty two:**

*Pluto's orbit is 248 Earth years per cycle. Its characteristics are different from other planets, which follow circular orbits around the Sun, close to a flat reference plane called an ecliptic, not an elliptic as the recent elliptical poets might claim. Pluto's orbit is highly inclined to the ecliptic (over  $17^\circ$ ) and is highly eccentric, thus should be considered the poet's planet.*

**Law number twenty three:**

*There is no law number twenty three because Pluto was recently removed as an official planet and exiled to a new list of dwarf planets. Poets shall always love the topic of exile, though this is not a law yet.*

**Law number twenty four:**

*Chain limited premium.*

**Law number twenty five:**

*Barefoot poets do not know how to read star charts.*

**Law number twenty six:**

*Poets who wear sandals believe in the concept of cosmos, but do not know what the concept means.*

**Law number twenty seven:**

*Poets who wear boots only believe in themselves.*

**Law number twenty nine:**

*In theology, cosmos can be used to denote the created Universe, minus the creator, as in God.*

**Law number thirty:**

*Never mistake "the creator" for the poet, as in creating a poem. If you do, you will be in conflict with the laws of the cosmos and, if you get away with it, you will change the laws of nature, though everyone assumes nature is another story tied to the earth, not the cosmos, though some would argue the earth is part of the cosmos and, indeed,*

*someone or some "thing" created it, though creation must be argued in terms of the cosmos and not poetry because poetry does not want to be in conflict with heavenly bodies that were created before language was discovered. This is why most poets do not like humans who once roamed the cosmos, but fled to earth after the first poem was written in a galaxy poets love to journey to—the one inside their heads.*

### **Law number twenty eight?**

*That is a metaphor.*

**DALE HOUSTMAN:**

### **Corners Inside Corners In A Corner**

Whiney sat down and thought about a Corner and sometimes He thought about the Bottom Ground which is a sort of Corner and then He thought about a Long Short minute ago which is a sort of Corner until He came running back to when He first accounted for everything and it was now a Corner owned by a Someone playing happily in the Wallpaper River and then sliding away beneath the New Green Beds of smaller and newer Streams and knowing Something Himself about Corners and very often Corners of great charm although a Knocker disturbed Owl who went all to Pieces and Places and very often Pieces and Places of great charm and Whiney cleaned It up again and again missed some of It and It was blown into one Corner that was not any of the Others or even Another which was Terrible and Bothersome even when Whiney looked in the Honey-Based Thing Cupboard which was full of Corners which Whiney filled with Knockers which were of the Nearly Handsome sort if ever Knockers were Nearly Handsome and somewhere Someone thinks they are Sometimes and Somewhere Else a Bush stood in another Corner and part of It came off in Whiney's Hand but No one seemed to want any of It so It blew into another Corner and not the one where the Pieces and Places of Owl were but another Corner which Whiney was quite fond of in the Best-To-Sleep Days when Corners were rare and thus each One was Very Much More Nearly Handsome.

JOHN M. BENNETT:

**olvido del escritor**

the "lunch" soon blown away comida  
como lago( viento o nube que sale  
de mis nostrils the "*lungless sky*  
*with its wordless net*" what  
fell writhing a bloody dish  
rag signature of the shredded  
book o my formal headache's  
oozing text my "backward glants"  
my... *...teeth pulsing in my*  
*jaw...* the pulcrid rat cont  
animation ni ,es lo mismo la  
miasma cosa freshly putrid  
turning over on yr plate a  
papa al revés apap .no la  
comes asap ,por la puerta  
floja ,la biblioteca ahogada  
y tu recinto catedrático em  
badurnado de miiiiierda

*Las poesías no las lee nadie.*

**—Nicanor Parra**

RAYMOND FARR:

A poem is not written.

It is rewritten.

Make a poem.

Then make a poem of your poem.

You may know when it is finished.

It may never be finished.

CRAIG COTTER:

**เรื่องเล่าดีดี...**

Relegated almost old one as far as the teenage daughters proud of his five year old son is going to be attending school, famous for their rich new levels.

By his own personal, I'd like to teach the son to know real life in the world, alongside a onthritti in school holidays, he would crawl takes son alone to travel to various locations, and then one day she welfare topics to teach about "poverty" because of his belief that his son would never know for certain, he did enough to visit family and son out of the kitchen and stay with the farmer for a period of 1 day 1 night.

Upon returning to his mansion in the subsequent days will test whether millionaire's son did what the camper with the farmer. Poor son who answered the question, who is the father that he would like to thank particularly the PC his encounter with peasants and camp there, he discovered that the farmer is working .... as paddy wide while his parents room with just the rectangle that is wider, but still less than the farmer's work room.

Eating food that peasants can earn at any time around a House; Don't buy for a while at home we have a refrigerator that is the food at lunch, having a friend to talk with parents of children together, while itself had to eat the food that is almost ten metres long desk and Chair are both empty.

The farmer at the nest at the end of his father's bike tongkot waist, tight so that they do not fall from the bike.

But his own Want to sit in the car behind a big alone with chauffeur gets to every-where.

The farmer has the Starlight moonlight as lamps illuminate all the time at night, with no shortage, but he. It is just a light from a lamp that must be bought with the money ... The farmer has a fence is a river wide mountains as far as the eye can see, but he has just set a budget engklap Loch in the few dry areas peasants have Playmate as hundreds of thousands of Firefly chirp, but he engklap no one at all.

He thanked his parents again, he knows the answer though ... actually ... we have more difficult until the farmer.

(Translated by Bing)

D. E. STEWARD:

*Four feed-your-greed white maxi-stretch Humvee limos in convoy on the New Jersey Turnpike North, nearly as long as western states semis, doors like submarine or autoclave hatches.*

The convention of authorial guidance in narrative sentences, or the narrative mode versus the speech mode, both standard practice for over two hundred years now, those decrepit old parentheticals, “he said, she thought,” whatever. Well into the technique’s third century, spavined creative writing department cadre still drill volunteer armies of writing students in producing this stuff.

It’s continuous, repetitive and dull. Story. Plot development. Character development. The off-the-wall opening. The plastic middle. The concocted resolution spiraling into the artificial ending. Now she thinks this... now he does that... now the Greenland icecap melts. Call a dozen voice mails randomly and hear more bright whimsy than in a ponderous month of reading creative writing fiction exercises. And no wonder so many creative writing teacher-writers are restrained, suspicious, conservative, they’re paying the rent in a closed shop.

HELLER LEVINSON:

speak of augment & wander  
bristle new harmonies in the dark ear of the crow  
measure panther by wind  
erupt tones of a maturing pinto  
stride like an ancient command

JOHN DIGBY:

I had a most interesting day. The nights in Cordillera are very beautiful. I was never tired of gazing into the glorious sky—a dome of steel lit by stars. Oops! I almost forgot Don Sebastian Castro. He is found on the Amazon and its principal tributaries. He has much the appearance of a large seal, with a smooth skin, dark on the back, a dirty white belly, thinly sprinkled with coarse hairs. The eyes and ears are

small. The female species is as following; they are good-tempered, cheerful and sober. They are obedient to ceremonies, staining their arms and legs with the juice of a fruit called *huitoc*. I have them in my library to talk to the snake charmer as they do not find employment immediately. They are bearded and don't go to class reunions.

Well I can't very well say why, but all that day my spirits kept falling lower and lower. Mr. Gibbon had been sick with chills and fever. I held him away from myself and looked long into his face. The talent is there and having had a sex change I don't think I care for eating ham and eggs for his/her stomach and using his/her navel as a salt holder.

At midday there were of course some narrow escapes. He/she talked of flying aliens in foreign dresses. Curiously enough some people were hurt by falling bricks.

ROBERT VANDER MOLEN:

**Report**

My friend Reinder is an editor for a publisher and lives in Chicago. But once a year he spends a month at a family cottage on White Fish Bay—south of where the Edmond Fitzgerald went down, and just west of the Ojibwa reservation in Bay Mills. I wasn't able to visit last September because of work (an overload of work), but this fall was able to drive up mid-week and stay until Sunday. Our mutual acquaintance Larry arrived later the same afternoon. I had my white dog, Charlie, with me, who dashed into the waves as soon as she spotted the stairs to the beach. A water dog, half poodle and half golden retriever, she spent the next few days in and out of the bay (and a large gathering of black boulders in the surf) attracted to both gulls and mergansers. The weather remained clear, in the 60's, with a sharp breeze from the north. This body of Lake Superior is of a color like the sea around islands in the Caribbean—it's startling to look up while reading, past the sand, the rocks, out to the horizon, which, straight ahead, offers no sight of land—blue sky, a sort of turquoise tint to the shallows, and behind, the dense green of pines, spruce, birch and maple leaves on the bluff—rarely anyone in either direction poking across the shore. Reinder, Larry and I would build a fire in late afternoon and sit until dark, until after the sun collapsed in red, before we climbed the stairs to

cook dinner, lugging back empty bottles of beer and wine. Reinder was telling me a neighbor he talked to, 3 or 4 cottages away, was married to the president of the local community college. He was white, she was Indian. I'd recently read Louise Erdrich's novel, *The Last Report on the Miracles at Little No Horse*, a remarkable book set on an Ojibwa community in North Dakota—a book Larry had lent me. Unlike the reservation in the Erdrich story, Bay Mills was relatively prosperous due to their casino. They had a fine library, a WIFI café, new hotel, a hospital, a small college etc. Most White towns in the Upper Peninsula are certainly meaner in appearance. Since reading the Erdrich classic I'd been particularly interested in the Ojibwa people—downstate, of course, I'd known Ottawa and Potawatomi members (both groups related to the Ojibwa, as part of the Three Fires), but in the north there was still true wilderness with waters unpolluted. Perhaps I'm being Romantic. But the Ojibwa still collect wild rice, fish in the bay with nets from small boats they pull up on the sand (ok, they have large fishing vessels, as well, in their harbor), also fish with nets through holes in ice in winter—and hunt deer (with rifle). Mostly, the landscape surrounding where they live is wild. Bear, moose and wolves roam. Saturday afternoon Charlie the dog was distracted by three kids running along the shore with their shirts off. I put down my book and went to retrieve her. A woman in jeans standing below the bluff, watching her young teens, waved when I approached. When I caught Charlie's attention with a tennis ball the woman inquired as to what kind of dog it was. The children turned back and joined their mother. We'd like a dog like that, they said, kneeling, petting her. My kids are on the cross-country team, she remarked, smiling. She was Indian, thin and attractive (like the woman in the Erdrich book who marries a rich White man and moves to Minneapolis, I thought). Her children were white. She wondered if I was a relative of Reinder's. No, I said, but we are Dutchmen, including Larry (who was then approaching with a glass in hand—Reinder was napping). So's my husband, she replied.

SUSAN KAY ANDERSON:

Who the bleep is Tom Clark? Is he shaman, psychic, or soothsayer? What is his blog, Tom Clark Beyond the Pale? Is it a poetry advice

column, a wishing well, a poetry encyclopedia? What the bleep is going on there? Is Clark the Wizard of Pale? I mean, beyond that. Past. Just one click and your life can change. It does. Order his books, study his words, learn more than you ever thought you could. You'll become an addict as you read about mummies, kickshaws, sleepwalkers, Los Angeles, the Fur Trade, and so many animals, plants, birds, and landscapes and their poets that your head will spin off its axis. Then, it will find its center, still wobbling a bit. Thanks, Mr. Clark. I could've had a V-8 except all the salt scares me. Clark's poetry and other work; biographies of Beat era poets, criticism, and stint as editor for *Paris Review* lend pizzazz and verve to an often bleak contemporary poetry landscape of copycats and ivory tower junkies. Along with writing partner Angelica Heinegg Clark, Tom Clark has generously stepped up the pulse of American poetry over the course of the past couple of years. These two are not sitting back, resting on their laurel-strewn rocking chairs. Pitching years at a mean 70+ the Clarks are calling out the shots, letting rookies into the field to warm-up (and occasionally start) as they lovingly and expertly toss you the ball, right where your eyes should be, too.

JAY PASSER:

Surrounded by placards of alien subterfuge. Drink it, don it, drive it, flaunt it. Boiling morning volcanic aptitude for duress. I slap on a kilt, swallow a manta ray, scurry hand-over-hand up rose stems stretched taut as tightropes, moon-bound. Escape it, penetrate it, render it, consume it. Penning journals like blank books like embryos of martyred drivers of dump trucks. Implacable imbroglio. Barometric belligerence. Invaded by spirit scalpers, our keepers and tormentors, cooped up in the ovens of our inevitability. Kiss it, cool it, stomp it, the last red rose.

BOGDAN PUSLENGHEA:

Every thought should remind me of a gigantic heartbeat placed in an undying infinite world; but every heartbeat is a tiny perplexity cut in the miracle of living and that's a dying thought. (all of a sudden)

Honesty is a quality only for those who had the earlier impression that they can tell the truth in a fat lie.

Surrounded by any things, obsessed with passing things  
you enclose yourself in these things  
except the moments when you really  
have to breathe.

For most, poetry  
begins with the sound of cars in the morning and  
ends up with a tv show  
(before sleeping). But they don't use this word,  
they call it everyday life.

**GEORGE KALAMARAS:**

"The air is a beautiful princess without bones," writes the great (but little-known) Japanese Surrealist, Takiguchi Shuzo (1903-1979). Jailed and tortured in 1941 because Takiguchi, as his translator Hiroaki Sato notes, "advocated Surrealism," Takiguchi's courage is emblematic of the spirit of both the early Japanese Surrealists and Dadaists.

The Japanese avant-garde—both Surrealism and Dada—long-neglected in the study of world Surrealism(s) offers insight not only into the development of consciousness but into the development of Surrealism as a whole. Breton, for one, advocated the free exchange of cultural ideas, especially when it came to embracing psychic ways of knowing from earlier, "lost" cultures. The exchange across widely variant cultures (not necessarily those that have been "lost"), such as East and West, can only enhance our grasp of Surrealism and its ever-evolving possibilities. But the practice of Surrealism takes courage. Courage to mine the psychic depths. Courage to move forward with and through and against language in such a way as to give up one's predetermined ideas, or at the very least, to allow those ideas to change and be shaped by the great unknown.

So, too, with Dada. In his marvelous Dada manifesto, "Assertion is Dadaist"—part poem/part manifesto—another great poet of the Japanese avant-garde, Takahashi Shinkichi (translated by Ko Won), writes:

The universe is a cake of soap; soap is a pair of trousers.

All is possibility.

To Christ stuck on a fan, jelly wrote a love letter.

Everything is true.

Is it possible for the non-smoker *Mr. God* to imagine anything which cannot be asserted?

Can anyone, *anything*, imagine anything which cannot be asserted?

This advice column is due—not to *Mr. God*—but to *Mr. Caliban* by October 8. In pouring over this manifesto again this evening, I see the only date given in it is by “chance coincidence” October 9, in a lovely passage, which reads:

A certain Dadaist died. It happened a century before he was miscarried, while he was an embryo.

There is a Dadaist who foresaw that the earth would shrink to the size of a tadpole or a man's eye socket on October 9, 1922, at 12:34 a.m.

It's clear. He is invulnerable life. Each of these predictions is accurate.

Each of these predictions is, indeed, accurate yet simultaneously inaccurate, because as Takahashi explains later in this manifesto, “nobody can be on the DADA's side”:

DADA gives birth to all, splits and synthesizes all.

All is encamped behind DADA.

Nobody can be on the DADA's side.

DADA is female, but, has no sexual cravings.

That is why DADA is equipped both with sex organs and all kinds of weapons.

Is this a wilder manifestation of the “primordial androgyne” of which Breton speaks?

Dada, for Takahashi, is not merely negation but a rich weave of “opposites” that are complementary rather than contradictory (see Ko Won's *Buddhist Elements in Dada: A Comparison of Tristan Tzara, Takahashi Shinkichi, and their Fellow Poets*, New York University Press, 1977 and my own, “Assertion is Dadaist”: Takahashi Shinkichi, Japanese Surrealism, and the Possibilities of Zen,” *Factorial*, Issue 4, 2005).

The term “myopia” comes to mind when I consider certain language practices and certain literary canons, even the rather ironic “canon” of Surrealism. Surrealism is everywhere, and certainly not simply in books: East, West. North, South. In the pulling-apart of the frustrated (or relieved?) compass in between. Inside and outside the rough skin, even, of a stalk of celery. Each thread, stuck in the gum of the mouth, leads back to the root of how and why we cry. Speak. We’d do well to remember another passage from Takahashi’s memorable manifesto:

A young woman visited me from the North Pole on a single-wheeled vehicle, taking only 1.22 seconds.

She said she hated the bourgeoisie.

The mere word capital made her tremble.

She said she had brought a magnet which converts gold, silver, nickel, and platinum to saliva in seconds. And she taught me an incantation and how to chant it.

Any time you think you need it—she said.

A Dadaist said she was a phosphoric pronunciation.

We are all “phosphoric pronunciations.” We cry, we speak, we make love with the glorious sores of our mouths. It is not that we must sing in order to be heard. We must sing in order to sing.

# Bureau of Surrealist Enquiries

## ALERT

There has been a new manifestation of objective chance: the universe is speaking again. An old radio, brought to our new quarters from 15 rue de Grenelle years ago, began to play yesterday. Then a voice. Most of us are quite sure that it is the voice of Jean Cocteau, although there is some controversy over the fact that he chose to speak in English. An alternative theory is that it is Luis Bunuel trying to sound like Jean Cocteau. But the radio was unplugged!



Your interpretations, inspirations, or prognostications welcome.

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